

AN
EPISTLE

TO

Monfieur Boileau,

Inviting his MUSE to forfake the

FRENCH INTEREST,

And celebrate the

KING of ENGLAND.

BY

EDM. ARWAKER.

LICENSED.

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THE

MONTHLY

FRENCH INTEREST

KING OF ENGLAND

EDWARD VII

LONDON

1901

1902

1903

1904

1905

1906

1907

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OF
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Monfieur Boileau.

TOO long, Great Man, thy Muse has try'd in vain,
Thy Monarch's sinking Credit to sustain;
And thou too long hast mis-employ'd thy Pen,
To make the *worst* appear the *best* of Men;
A sullied Fame to brighten and refine,
That never did with real Lustre shine.
While, as one, flatter'd by too fair a Glass,
Views but the wanted Beauties of his Face;
So *Lewis*, in thy lofty Praise does see
Not what he is, but what he wants to be.
And he must all his boasted Glories own,
Not from himself deriv'd, but thee alone;
Whose Muse so well does his mean Deeds reherse,
That he becomes Immortal in thy Verse;
But to thy Verse no lasting Fame can give,
In recompence for what he does receive.
Leave, leave him then to raise his own Renown,
And win the Laurels that his Temples crown:
A better Cause, and nobler Subject chuse,
That may inspire, as it employs, thy Muse;

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May with thy elevated Sense agree,
 And copious as thy boundless Fancy be ;
 A Hero, whose bright Fame may gild thy Bays,
 And more thy Name, than thou his Glory raise.

See, see, his Conq'ring Sword great *Nassaw* draws ;
 Not poorly bribes, but merits thy Applause :
 His brave Exploits afford thy Muse a Theme
 Equal to that, as that is worthy them.

The Titles he, in Fame's Records does hold,
 Are purchas'd by his Valour, not his Gold.
 He owes his Glory to himself alone,
 And Acquisition makes it all his own.

Whilst *Lewis* rarely does in Arms appear,
 Nor then to fight, but follow in the Rear :
 Our *Monarch* charging in the Front we see ;
 None more expos'd, none less concern'd than he.
 Who lets his Soldiers on no Dangers go,
 But what, as he commands, he leads them to :
 Thus, taught by his Example to obey,
 They bravely follow, as he shews the Way.

Not so your King ; he still declines the Fight,
 Nor shuns the Danger only, but its Sight ;
 Yet with unmerited Success grown vain,
 He boasts of Conquests he did never gain.
 His Breaches were from Golden Batt'ries made,
 And our lost Towns not taken, but betray'd.
 Thus when some Place by Purchase is made sure,
 His Person, and his Honour too, secure,
 Then the triumphant Monarch takes the Field,
 And gains the Town that waited so to yield.

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This makes him with affected Greatness swell,
 And boast his Arms as irresistible;
 His Arches are by such Atchievements rear'd :
 Thus *Lewis* fights, and thus is to be fear'd.

But since he finds the Scene is alter'd now,
 And that his Treasure, as his Courage, low,
 Will not the old prevailing Means afford,
 That more enlarg'd his Conquests, than his Sword,
 He forms no hopeless Siege, makes no Campaigne,
 From which he knows he shall no Honour gain :
 But to the Field has wisely sent his Son,
 To bear the blame of losing what he won ;
 For all the Conquest he this Year can boast,
 Is that in Running his Success was most :
 While *Huy*'s reduc'd to serve its Native Lord ;
 Not as 'twas lost, but storm'd with Fire and Sword ;
 Which proves as irresistible a Pow'r
 In *English* Courage, as *French* Gold before ;
 And that our *KING* all Conquest does despise,
 Which any Price but glorious Danger buys.

Now the *French* Army, whose Renown we knew
 More to its Numbers than its Brav'ry due ;
 Equall'd in Strength, in Valour is out-done,
 And while *Huy* falls, stands tamely looking on :
 So by Great *William*'s conqu'ring Arms dismay'd,
 The Gen'als durst not venture to its Aid :
 Happy they could their own Intrenchments keep,
 Though dug, to suit their low-sunk Spirits, deep.
 Yet scarce they lost their Apprehension there,
 Nor as from Danger, were secur'd from Fear.

Till they, for greater Safety, left the Place
 Not loaden now with Trophies, but Disgrace ;
 Such Conquests *Lewis* this Campaigne has won,
 Such Triumphs Fate decreed his glorious Son.
 But since no Honours from the barren Field
 He reaps, what Laurels did the Ocean yield ?
 That sure his ruin'd Credit will repair,
 And own his long-pretended Power there.
 But as if both the Elements agreed
 From his usurp'd Dominion to be freed,
 The Sea no longer Tribute does afford,
 But justly pays it to the ancient Lord.
 Whose conqu'ring Fleets assert their native Right,
 While the *French* Navy shuns the dreaded Sight.
 And sees it self in its own Ports confin'd,
 By Fear more pow'rful than an adverse Wind.
 So when the scaly Sov'reign of the Seas,
 Himself within his liquid Realm does please,
 And with swift Finns ranges the briny Flood :
 To take his Pastime there ; or seek his Food.
 His frightned Vassals hide their shining Heads,
 In the kind Covert of concealing Weeds.

Our floating Squadrons now their Right regain,
 And unobstructed wanton through the Main,
 Insult the *Gallick* Coasts, and their just Rage
 With Sacrifice of flaming Towns assuage :
 Whose sable Smoak ascending to the Sky,
 Mourns for the Structures that in Ashes ly.
 While strange Confusion spread along the Shore,
 Makes *England's* Pow'r rever'd as heretofore.

Nor

Nor does one Fleet alone her Fame advance,
 The Joys in *Spain* equal the Fears in *France*.
 And *Barcellona* all Attempts defies,
 While on our *Monarch's* Succour she relies,
 And shelter'd by his Navy's spreading Wings,
 She triumphs in the sure Defence it brings.
 Thus *Spain* by our *Elisa* shook before,
 Is now supported by Great *William's* Pow'r.
 Then in his Praises let fam'd *Boileau* join,
 And to his Side, like Victory, incline :
 Whose daring Soul, and ever-conqu'ring Sword
 Will endless Matter for thy Verse afford :
 But if thou wilt a servile Labour chuse,
 Where *Arbitrary* Pow'r enslaves thy Muse ;
 And does thy Thoughts to narrow Bounds confine,
 Which Heav'n for boundless Subjects did design :
 Know, our fam'd Prince can his own Trophies raise,
 And courts as little as he wants thy Praise.
 Nor, if such Means his Glory could advance,
 Wou'd he have need to be oblig'd to *France* :
 Since his own Realms abound with Men of Sence,
 And famous for Poetick Excellence.
 Whose lofty Verse your humble Strain exceeds,
 As much as his your meaner Patron's Deeds.
 Witness the Muse that first in Songs Divine,
 Describ'd his Fight and Conquest at the *Boyne*.
 That which most pleas'd, was difficult to tell,
 The Field so bravely won, or sung so well.
 Witness that happy Pen that did relate
 His glorious Voyage to the *Belgick* State ;

And

And gave the World a Proof with how much Fire
 Our Poets write when them our Kings inspire.
 But our Great Monarch's Praises shou'd no more,
 Than his large Soul be bounded by our Shore;
 Far as his Victories, his spreading Fame shou'd sound,
 And be in every Tongue, as every Land renown'd ;
 Then, *Boileau*, let thy Muse begin her lofty Flight,
 Tho' she must still despair to reach the wondrous Height.

FINIS.

AN Epistle to the Right Honourable *Charles* Earl of *Dorset* and *Middlesex*, Lord Chamberlain of His Majesty's Household : Occasion'd by His Majesty's Victory in *Ireland*.

An Epistle to *Charles Montague* Esq; , on his Majesty's Voyage to *Holland* ;
 by *George Stepney*.

The Life of *Alexander* the Great , by *Quintus Curtius* : Translated into
English by several Hands, and Dedicated to the Queen, by *N. Tate*, Servant to
 Their Majesties.

